

A black and white portrait of David Livingstone, a man with a mustache, wearing a suit and a bow tie. The portrait is framed by a simple line. Below the portrait, the name 'DAVID LIVINGSTONE' is written in a stylized font, and the initials 'B.C. 13' are visible.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY'S LIVINGSTONE MEDAL

LIVINGSTONE'S CHAIR USED DURING HIS EXPEDITION TO LAKE NYASSA

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LIVINGSTONE'S
LAST WRITTEN WORDS

[illegible]

LIVINGSTONE'S ESCAPE FROM THE LION
From Livingstone's First Book

One of the most serious mishaps which an exploring party of this kind could suffer is the loss of its medicine box. This was just what happened to Livingston on January 20, 1867, and to it is credited the gradual sapping of his strength which ultimately resulted in his death. Two natives, who had all the appearance of trustworthy men, deserted at

A black and white portrait photograph of a woman with dark, wavy hair, wearing a light-colored blouse and a dark tie. The photo is framed by a double-line border.

Anne Shannon Monroe

her novel. While sitting nine hours a day in business she conceived the idea that she could write a novel. She didn't know the first principles about construction or technique, but little things like that didn't bother her. She just went ahead and wrote it—pecked it off on a typewriter, one finger, another and then this one. Her typewriting was bad and her interlineations worse. Every once in a while she put in a chapter whether it fit or not, just because that seemed to be the style.

With the battle-scarred manuscript under her arm she went around to a publishing firm in Chicago and asked for the president. When the office boy tried to

To get accurate knowledge of how working women live, Miss Monroe has stayed at every "home" and club in New York and in other cities for employed girls. In her earlier years the hallroom wasn't taken for analytical purposes.

"At summer resorts and at cliff houses I find so many indolent married women pitying the poor working girl that it makes me mad," said Miss Monroe.

"These women are the most bored I have ever come across. They have to turn their backs on everything from morning till night. They are bored with their lives and their greatest excitement is who gets the bridge prize—cards from the time the papers are finished in the morning until their husbands come home in the evening; never a thrill in their pampered lives, never a hearty laugh, and nothing to look forward to—tomorrow but bridge. They are the ones I feel sorry for; the 'working girl has more pleasure in a week than one of these round out in a year.'"

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